

like your nice pigzear. you don't ever
have to pay any attention to the bad kitty
that has to sit up there
with nothing to chew on
while you enjoy
your nice pigzear."

so the dog lay down on the patio
avidly masticating its tasty smoked morsel,
and the cat's ears went back like a lynx
and its fur stood on end
as it rose to all fours and retreated,
with a hateful glance at me,
out of the province of the dog.

TOUGH TURKEY

she's stubborn.
she won't admit you can't
flush sanitary napkins;
thus, the toilet's always clogged.
this time she pours the extra
grease from the turkey down
the kitchen drain without even
running the hot water, and of
course it hits the cold pipes and
solidifies. the drain backs up
into the tub. for two days she
pours every type of industrial-
strength drano into it until i'm
driven from the house to salvage
what is left of my lungs. for once
i had a cushion of a hundred bucks
in my account, but by the time the roto-
rooter guy gets done it's costing
more than that. she says she'll pay, but
one way or another it eventually will come
out of my pocket. it's also killed
a saturday which i badly needed for getting
caught up on a couple of long overdue
commitments. the worst thing is that i feel
sorry for her because i know she knows she's
pretty well fucked up not just thanksgiving
but the whole damn weekend. she looks as
depressed as all those people you read about
around the holidays. so it cost me
money, time, good spirits, and now i'm
already feeling guilty about once again
betraying her in print.